[ficlet] Human AU: Rejection.

• Mar. 9th, 2011 at 1:09 AM

Title: Human AU: Rejection.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: None.
Pairings/Characters: Michael +/ Gabriel.
Word Count: 435 words.
Summary: Michael is still having trouble adjusting.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with prompt #28 rejection this time. Two down, twenty-eight to go!

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

Three days later, the bill is paid, but Michael still doesn't feel reassured.

"Gabriel, I don't like that you disappear for most of the day." Michael admits when Gabriel asks why he's looking grumpier than usual.

"I don't like leaving either, but it's what I've gotta do for this job. Want to come with me tomorrow?" Gabriel says, and rolls his eyes when Michael shakes his head. He tugs the magazine up higher, indicating that he's busy reading, but Michael tugs it back down.

"I don't want to spend all day in here, either." Michael says. "Where should I go?" It galls him to have to ask, but Gabriel's his only anchor here, and the last time he tried to go outdoors, he was nearly hit by a truck...among other problems.

This time at least he knows how traffic works, and that he should wear socks and shoes if he goes outside.

Gabriel blinks up at him, then hops up. "C'mon, I know a place we can go to right now."

"No," Michael says, back-tracking. "Not now. Later."

Gabriel huffs but sits back down. "Fine, whatever."

"Gabriel..."

"Let me read, it's a good article."

Michael gives up on Gabriel and leaves the room, returning to his bedroom. He moves to the window and looks out, thinking. He still hasn't received a response to his prayers. He still doesn't know why he or Gabriel is here.

The worst part about it is that he can't think of what he'd done wrong, or where he'd failed enough to warrant *this*. The Cage had been terrible, had nearly destroyed him, but this...this was a slow death, as his flesh aged with him trapped in it.

Michael watches cars pass and people walk on the sidewalks below.

He feels alone, terribly alone. Gabriel may be downstairs, but they may as well be worlds apart, as Michael is used to hearing his brothers and sisters around him, used to the songs of the choirs as he goes about his business, and even on earth he could feel them, a distant echo that would never leave him.

But here he is in this quiet room, and all he can hear are cars honking. He closes the window and he can't even hear that, and it...it scares him.

It drives him back downstairs, to sit near Gabriel as he reads his silly magazine and look as comfortable as if he had been born human.

Michael's scared and he's too proud to say anything, but when Gabriel scoots around to lean his head against Michael's shoulder, Michael says nothing, and feels oddly reassured.

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